

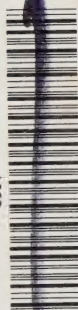
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by
Henry Drummond

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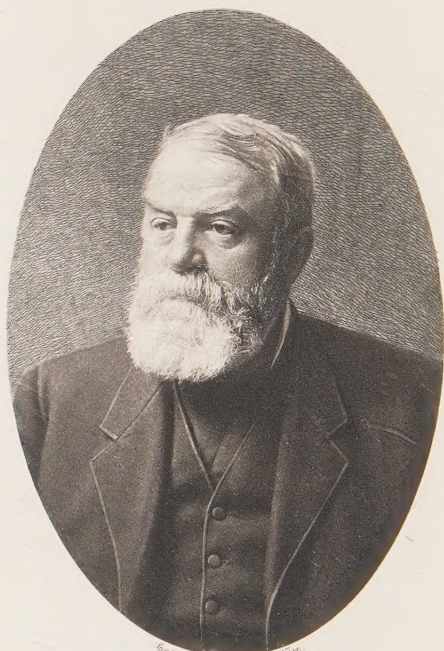
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W. L. Moody

DWIGHT L. MOODY

IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS BY
HENRY DRUMMOND

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY
GEORGE ADAM SMITH



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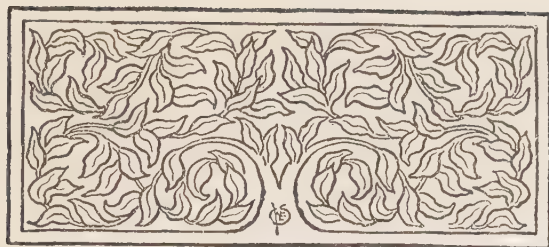
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DWIGHT L. MOODY
A PERSONAL TRIBUTE
BY
GEORGE ADAM SMITH



A PERSONAL TRIBUTE



THE news of Mr. Moody's death reached Great Britain at a time of general mourning. That, amid the throng of private and national losses, the fall of this distant evangelist should attract the respectful attention of our journals, and that, while our emotions were so engrossed, his death should start a fresh and far-felt impulse of grief, are striking proofs of the character of the man and of the bigness

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of the work which he achieved among us.

Henry Drummond once said that "Moody was the biggest human he ever met." The following reminiscences have been gathered chiefly to show how far this praise was just; yet this effort would seriously fail if it did not concentrate upon a strong emphasis of the loss which Christianity has suffered by Mr. Moody's death at this crisis of our religious history.

To me it is very clear that we have lost not only one of the strongest personalities of our time, but a man who was more able than any other to act as a reconciler of our present divisions. And although this testimony is now written down under the immediate impression of his death, the convic-

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tions which inspire it are not the exaggerations of a fresh grief, but were previously formed by a deliberate study of Mr. Moody's great mission in 1873-1875, by the story of his long intercourse with Professor Drummond, and by my own meetings with him last summer at Yale and at Northfield.

Let us take first the mission to Great Britain and Ireland in 1873-1875. Mr. Moody came to this country virtually without invitation or advertisement, an unknown man to preach, with an unknown friend to sing, the Gospel. They had a foreign accent, and they worked upon methods which roused prejudice in all the churches. Yet in six months their mission was the strongest religious force in the country. Our people were stirred as they

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had not been since the days of Wesley and Whitefield.

In "The Life of Henry Drummond" the attempt has been made to describe the sincerity, the thoroughness, the national influence and the permanent value of the movement ; * "how profoundly the churches were stirred, and crowds outside the churches ; the tens of thousands who thronged the meetings ; the hundreds upon hundreds who filled each inquiry-room, professing penitence and, in the great majority of cases, new faith in Jesus Christ with experience of His power to make them better men."

Now, the devotion of Mr. Moody, his subjection to God's Spirit, was so absolute that people at first wondered how so great a work could be

* Chapter IV, "The Great Mission."

achieved by means so obscure. Take, for instance, Dr. Dale's attitude.* For some time he had expected a religious revival, but "Moody and Sankey were not the kind of men for whom he had been looking." Although they came to Birmingham after their fame was established, and immediately filled the Bingley Hall with audiences of twelve or thirteen thousand people, and although Dale himself was "amazed and delighted by what he saw," he was only the more puzzled about the means of it, and frankly told Moody that he "could see no real relation between him (Moody) and what he had done." That was a general impression, but it was a wrong one, as

* "The Life of Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham," by his son.

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a little reflection will enable us to see. The electricity which the two evangelists concentrated was undoubtedly in the air. In 1873 many others besides Dale were expecting a general revival; for months before the Americans appeared there had been very earnest prayer throughout Great Britain and Ireland. But if it be one of the most certain tokens of greatness to foresee and to rise to a divine occasion, then Moody was assuredly great. He himself told me a wonderful thing. He had made, I think, at least two visits to our country in order to study the situation. He had come to hear our preachers and to watch their influence. He had made himself familiar with the salient tendencies of our popular religion and with the wants of the people outside

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the churches. In such tactics there is something "apostolic," something that resembles Paul himself in this unknown foreigner, once an humble seller of shoes, patiently laying his plans, through the years, for the invasion of a whole nation, of whom only half a dozen individuals had ever heard of him.

Take another proof. Dr. Dale appears to have been chiefly impressed by the atmosphere of the mission: "There was warmth, there was sunlight in it. . . . I listened with interest; everybody listened with interest; and I was conscious again of a certain warmth and brightness." But, under God, this atmosphere was Moody himself. Too much cannot be said of the influence of the music—it filled the land and went home to the

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hearts of the people ; but when we have ascribed all that is due to Mr. Sankey, we go back to the temper and air of Moody's preaching. " He preached," says Dale, " in a manner which produced the sort of effect produced by Luther. . . . He exulted in the free grace of God. . . . His joy was contagious. Men leaped out of darkness into light, and lived a Christian life afterwards." But that was because, like Luther, Moody had a very large nature. You require the sea to throw back the full effect of the sun ; and even the Gospel itself can attract but feebly when reflected from a small or a narrow man. Without doubt, Moody grew greater by means of the mission ; but apart from his native largeness and power of growth the mission

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itself could never have become the huge and fertile movement which we saw expand to those far-spread results that twenty-five years of our nation's life have proved solid and permanent. Throughout the long crisis Moody's character and abilities—all the more because of certain defects of education and a narrow theory of Scripture—exhibited the real tokens of greatness. His contentment with small beginnings ; his willingness to learn, which in Scotland especially drew to him so many men of experience ; his appreciation of men different from himself by taste and training ; his enlistment and organization of characters so diverse ; the loftiness of his spirit amid much that was petty and disappointing ; his freedom from all denominational and, I may add, Protestant

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prejudice, which was one secret of the success of the movement in Ireland ; his sanity, shrewdness and humor ; his management of “ painful saints,” bores and faddists, and his keen civic conscience—all of these came forth from him with a spontaneity which proved them native to his character and stamped him as great. Dr. Dale remarks on the smaller results of the second mission, in 1882-3 ; and the remark holds good of the third, in 1891-2. I am unable to say whether Dr. Dale is correct in referring this to a less joyous and gracious temper in Mr. Moody’s preaching. But I know that the smaller success only betrayed the deeper proof of the soundness of his character. In Scotland, in 1891-2, Mr. Moody was the first to feel that some other men attracted the public

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more strongly than he was doing, and he put them to the front with a forgetfulness of himself which displayed to many of us for the first time the full nobility of the man.

Before coming to America last spring I had spoken to Mr. Moody but once, and then for only a few moments. But I was under the influence of my study of his great mission in 1873-5, and of what Henry Drummond told me—that, in spite of an apparent decrease in Mr. Moody's power as an evangelist, he had with every year grown in other directions. With all this, however, I was not prepared for what I found. In spite of occasional utterances upon modern thought which diminished his authority with thinking men and women, Mr. Moody was one of the great

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personalities of your nation. In the panorama of your public life, into whose shifting crowds of men of interest your visitors, from the moment of their arrival, peer with curiosity to learn what figures bulk most largely among you, who are the most popular, and who the most influential, he always appeared to our eyes one of the most natural, one of the most impressive, and, outside the politicians of the hour, one to whom the people were most ready to listen. Everybody knew him, and everybody whose respect was worth having respected him. I suppose there is not any of your larger cities in which some of the ablest and busiest men were not proud to put their money and their brains at his disposal ; and in all ranks of scholarship and culture

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there were those who, differing extremely from his opinions, trusted his sincerity, his strength, and the indispensable value of his labors for the people.

To the end Mr. Moody's hold upon students was very remarkable for a man of his age and evangelistic temper. I saw it at once at Yale, and of course it has been still more evident in the student conferences at Northfield. Like all really great men, he kept the dew of his youth, and with a full heart entered into the recreations, the songs, stories and jokes of the young men whom he gathered about him. Drummond said: "You will find a deal of the boy in Moody." He was a boy, who at the same time was so just and shrewd a man.

One evening and morning will

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always be bright in my memory. The schools had given a Sacred Concert. When I got back to Mr. Moody's house at ten, I found him and his family on the porch. It was a glorious evening, the crescent moon just setting on the hills across the Connecticut. The men's choir, in a great wagon on their way back to Mount Hermon, drew up near the house and sang us some college and plantation songs. Moody called them down to the lawn, and said, if they would sing again, we would give them stories, and if anyone would not tell a story or sing a song he must go to bed. They sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and then came the stories—a string of good ones, but Moody's the best of all. Next morning at breakfast he started us again

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with a story he had forgotten : we span on for half an hour, and his laugh was still the heartiest. Then we had prayers, which he led. He thanked our Father for the good time He had given us, and asked Him to fit us for the day's hard work. Once before this he had said to me that stories were the only recreation of some ministers and had long been his own.

To Americans it is almost superfluous for an "outlander" to write of the Northfield schools and the work which, through them and other institutions, Mr. Moody has done for education. For a full appreciation of the man, one had to visit these schools and see him among his students. Moody's whole attitude to education was sound. Though himself what is called an uneducated man, no evan-

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gelist ever laid greater stress upon the need of an educated ministry. This was not the least of the services he did for us in Britain, where the temptation of many evangelists has been to decry learning, and, by cheap sneers at culture, to play to ignorant and fanatical religionists. Similarly at Northfield his design was not only to afford a good education to the students, but to fit many of them for the universities. One gathered from his talk that he had misgivings about the intellectual forces which his disciples would have to encounter at the universities ; and with regard to these forces, whether critical or idealist, the teaching in Northfield was probably timid and inadequate. Probably it did not prepare for the conflicts which the faith it so richly nurtured must

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inevitably suffer with the new knowledge and the new habits of mind. But I decline to agree that therefore Mr. Moody's ideals of education must be called narrow. His students surely left him not only with a keen conscience and a strong faith in God, but with a wide imagination of the scope of their Lord's Kingdom and of their own service to their fellow-men. And after all, the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, when seen through a clean and generous mind like Moody's, affords an infinitely wider horizon and a far fuller discipline for manhood than any other system of culture extant in our day.

Then there was his disinterestedness. No man was ever less chargeable with seeking money for himself. On the contrary, he gave away what

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he had a right to keep, probably with more fullness than any other living man. In the following pages Drummond tells the story of how both Messrs. Moody and Sankey, from the first, resigned to trustees their royalties on the "Sacred Songs and Solos" for public ends, and how, later, much of the money went to the establishment of Northfield Schools. I know no finer instance of philanthropy in this century.

One other thing before the last must be recorded. Mr. Moody had the great man's interest in great men, and a disposition to sympathise with the difficulties and responsibilities of leaders in other lines of life than his own, rather than to criticize, as he might easily have done in some cases, their want of a warm re-

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ligious temper. It was a healthy lesson to hear him talk of the statesmen in his own country. He was always generous. To Americans I need not write of his patriotism and public spirit. He had no sympathy with the petty religious school which deems these to be outside religion.

In connection with these broad aspects of his character, we may take that one of his services from the loss of which, as I have said, we shall chiefly suffer by his death. No one will ever know how much Mr. Moody had to bear, even from those who worked with him, of reproach and abuse for his loyalty to Christians who differed from certain of his views ; yet some of that injustice has already come before the public. He was bitterly blamed for the way he stuck to

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Drummond and for the invitations he gave to Drummond in 1893 to speak at Northfield. Now, this loyalty came not merely from his loving heart. It was the large, fair mind which prevailed over what he might well have felt was due to at least the earnest and good-tempered among the opponents of Drummond's teaching. He had never allowed the accent and proportion of Drummond's message, although so different from his own, to blind him to its essential Christianity. "I have never," he said at the time when Drummond was most hotly attacked, "heard anything or read anything by Drummond with which I did not heartily agree—though I wish he would oftener speak of the Atonement." It may not be known that, after the ex-

postulations reached him against having Drummond at Northfield, he nevertheless invited his former lieutenant to join him in the evangelistic campaign which he conducted in Chicago during the time of the Exposition. Drummond would not go. "It was the first time he failed me," said Moody. But Drummond's reason was his unwillingness to expose Moody to further attacks on his account.

Or take his recent attitude to Biblical criticism, for which also he has been ungenerously criticised. It was *after* he had himself heard a representative of the modern methods lecture on "The Hope of Immortality in the Old Testament"—a subject which could not be discussed without some exposition of the new views—that he gave him an invitation to Northfield

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to speak, not, of course, upon criticism, but upon religious topics. "But," it was urged, "I fear my views of the Bible are not in harmony with those taught at Northfield." "Never mind," said Moody, "come and say what you like." The generous trust of so good a man was felt to be a great inspiration.

While at Northfield last summer I had several conversations with Mr. Moody on Old Testament criticism. He was frankly hostile, and criticised the critics with a humor and shrewdness which were very stimulating. As he drove me about Northfield he would ask why questions about the Bible were ever raised, or why believing men paid any attention to them, or how they could find them of use in face of the terrible need of

the world for the Gospel. One afternoon he delivered his attack in force : “ What’s the use of criticism ? It’s creating divisions in the Church. It’s restraining revivals. It’s paralyzing preaching. It’s giving our congregations a just fear about calling students from the divinity halls. Students are stepping from the class-rooms into the pulpits and preaching it right away. In fact, they cannot preach, but only gabble about these questions.” I replied that they must be very young and badly trained asses if they did so. The pulpit is not the place for criticism ; if a man has not a gospel to preach, he has no right to be there.

But I said to Mr. Moody that I did not think that criticism took the Gospel away or destroyed the power of preaching. I knew many students

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who accepted its results and had not turned out the worse preachers. For myself the new criticism had made the Old Testament more ethical and evangelical than it had been to me before. "But surely," he replied, "it was evangelical enough on the old interpretation of it. What's the use then of raising these new questions?" I said there was not only a use but a necessity ; the old views of verbal inspiration and of the equal divinity of all parts of the Old Testament were not only felt by numbers of good Christians to be incompatible with their loyalty to Christ's own teaching, but had driven numbers of our young people into unbelief. He admitted that there might be differences of opinion among genuine Christians on certain orthodox interpretations of

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Scripture (which however he did not specify) ; but he added that for himself his belief in Christ's resurrection involved a belief in the literal interpretation of the story of Jonah. I tried to point out the peril of enforcing that view on thoughtful minds. But he did not feel this. He was too concerned with the practical dangers of the other extreme. And indeed he had good reasons for his misgivings, if it be true that divinity students, fresh to the new movement, fascinated by its methods, but not having mastered its results, fail to see that criticism is not and never can be an end in itself, but is only of value in helping us to enfranchise, illustrate and fortify the Gospel.

The last of our discussions was shared by several others. He drew

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us together one evening expressly for the purpose, and started by saying : "I am weary of this strife in the churches. It is ruining revival work and emptying the churches. Couldn't we agree to drop the critical controversy and go on in the Lord's work together?" Someone said that the fault lay with both sides in the controversy. He eagerly assented to this. "The critics raise questions which do not help the spiritual life ; their opponents retort with bad temper and personal recriminations." He instanced the attacks upon Drummond, especially after he had been to Northfield, and it was then that he told how Drummond had failed to come to his help at Chicago, and that I said, "Well, Mr. Moody, you know why he refused. It was because he was

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afraid to compromise you further with the men with whom you were working." "I know it," he replied. "He did it of pure love, but that he should have had to do it cut me." Then he spoke of some recent attacks of the same kind, personal in their aim and bitter in their spirit. Someone said: "Well, Mr. Moody, is it not remarkable that men like Drummond, whose opinions are counted so dangerous, should often show, as he did, something more of the spirit of Christ than those who attack them, and with whose views on Scripture you agree?" Someone else demurred to this, but Moody said: "It is quite true, though I cannot explain it." Upon one recent pamphlet, by a minister whose name was unknown to me, he was very severe. "In my

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opinion," he said, "its temper does more harm than the views it combats." He added that the writer's friends should expostulate with him, and then turning to the subject of the critics, he said: "Couldn't they agree to a truce and for ten years bring out no fresh views, just to let us get on with the practical work of the Kingdom?" One almost lost sense of the impracticableness of this proposal in the nobility of the motive which impelled it. So we talked backwards and forwards till past midnight, when he said, "Before we part we must pray," and he led us in prayer for the state of the Church as a whole and then for the work of each of us. I shall never forget, for I was much humbled by it, how this large-hearted man began by confessing his own

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shortcomings in the service of Christ, and then, instead of asking God, as he well might have done, to search also each of us, from whom he differed, he besought Him to bless us in our own lines of work, and to direct these to His glory.

What, then, impressed me most from first to last about Mr. Moody was neither his firm adherence to the old views nor his judgment of the temper in which their supporters attacked the new criticism, but the elevation of his mind above these controversies, and his single-hearted anxiety as to their effect upon practical Christianity. No man in our day has so painfully borne on his heart the divisions in the church, and the hindrances which they offer to aggressive work for Christ. His ut-

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terances proved at once the real humility of the man and his sound greatness. You could not but revere one who took the faults of others upon his conscience and strictly searched himself for guilt in this matter. His fairness was always apparent, and his common sense. Both seemed to me most conspicuous in a remark which I heard him make at Northfield, and which he afterwards published in a letter in similar terms : “ After all, it is not so much the authorship, as the contents, of the Books that matters.”

This is what I mean when I say that, had Mr. Moody lived, he might have proved the reconciler whom we sorely need. I do not wish to be suspected for one moment of thinking that he would have changed his own

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views with regard to Scripture; still less do I suppose that such a change would have been a good thing. Though there was much in his teaching—for instance, on the fulfillment of prophecy—which repelled a whole side of the Church, the strength of his preaching was drawn from that interpretation of Scripture in which he had been brought up. But here was a man who, however fixed his own views were, was fair to both sides, and to whom men on both sides looked up with reverence as to a man of God and a very experienced evangelist. Here was a man who had a single eye for the practical interests of the movement, and who was big enough to overlook the things which repelled him in doctrines from which he differed, and to appreciate their religious

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essence. We need such a man—uncommitted to the new views and not a bondsman to the letter of the old traditions. Could anything give more promise of a basis for reunion in active work for Christ than his very significant saying: "*It is not the authorship of the Books that matters, but the contents.*" In our time nothing has been said—if we consider the high and revered source whence it comes—that gives more proof of ability, on the one side, to remind critics that the details of mere criticism to which many confine themselves are, however needful, only preliminary and subordinate to the essential work of drawing forth to the people the priceless contents of divine revelation by human instruments, and, on the other side, to compel the conservative op-

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ponents of criticism to regard as the one relevant question they need be concerned with towards criticism : Does it diminish or does it enhance our capacity to get at the real meaning of God's message to men—let that message have come where and when and by whom it may ?

This is why I have ventured to call Mr. Moody a great power of reconciliation in the Church, and why I feel we have bitterly to mourn that he has not been spared to us for at least those seven more years which he lacked of, the three-score and ten. Yet, surely, we have got them already, in a life so crowded with strong work, so strong in gifts, so luminous with faith and a burning love. May the Church, on both sides of her, prove loyal to his last bequest ; for

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then she will be best able to follow his long and magnificent example of practical and whole-hearted Christianity.



DWIGHT L. MOODY

IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS

BY

HENRY DRUMMOND

NOTE.—The following study of Mr. Moody's life and work was written in 1894, shortly after Professor Drummond's last visit to America.



THE FIRST IMPRESSION



O gain just the right impression of Mr. Moody you must make a pilgrimage to Northfield. Take the train to the wayside depot in Massachusetts which bears that name, or, better still, to South Vernon, where the fast trains stop. Northfield, his birthplace and his home, is distant about a couple of miles, but at certain seasons of the year you will find awaiting trains a two-horse buggy, not

conspicuous for varnish, but famous for pace, driven by a stout, farmer-like person in a slouch hat. As he drives you to the spacious hotel—a creation of Mr. Moody's—he will answer your questions about the place in a brusque, business-like way ; indulge, probably, in a few laconic witticisms, or discuss the political situation or the last strike with a shrewdness which convinces you that, if the Northfield people are of this level-headed type, they are at least a worthy field for the great preacher's energies. Presently, on the other side of the river, on one of those luscious, grassy slopes, framed in with forest and bounded with the blue receding hills, which give the Connecticut Valley its dream-like beauty, the great halls and colleges of the new Northfield which

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Mr. Moody has built begin to appear. Your astonishment is great, not so much to find a New England hamlet possessing a dozen of the finest educational buildings in America—for the neighboring townships of Amherst and Northampton are already famous for their collegiate institutions—but to discover that these owe their existence to a man whose name is, perhaps, associated in the minds of three-fourths of his countrymen, not with education, but with the want of it. But presently, when you are deposited at the door of the hotel, a more astounding discovery greets you. For when you ask the clerk whether the great man himself is at home, and where you can see him, he will point to your coachman, now disappearing like lightning down the

drive, and—too much accustomed to Mr. Moody's humor to smile at his latest jest—whisper, "That's him."

If this does not actually happen in your case, it is certain it has happened ;* and nothing could more fittingly introduce you to the man, or make you realize the naturalness, the simplicity, the genuine and unaffected humanity of this great unspoilt and unspoilable personality.

* At the beginning of each of the terms, hundreds of students, many of them strangers, arrive to attend those seminaries. At such times Mr. Moody literally haunts the depots, to meet them the moment they most need a friend, and give them that personal welcome which is more to many of them than half their education. When casual visitors, mistaking perhaps the only vehicle in waiting for a public conveyance, have taken possession for themselves and their luggage, the driver, circumstances permitting, has duly risen to the occasion. The fact, by the way, that he so escapes recognition, illustrates a peculiarity—Mr. Moody, owing to a life-long resistance to the self-advertisement of the camera, is probably less known by photographs than any other public man.

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Simple as this man is, and homely as are his surroundings, probably America possesses at this moment no more extraordinary personage; nor even amongst the most brilliant of her sons has any rendered more stupendous or more enduring service to his country or his time. No public man is less understood, especially by the thinking world, than D. L. Moody. It is not that it is unaware of his existence, or even that it does not respect him. But his line is so special, his work has lain so apart from what it conceives to be the rational channels of progress, that it has never felt called upon to take him seriously. So little, indeed, is the true stature of this man known to the mass of his generation, that the preliminary estimate recorded here must seem both ex-

travagant and ill-considered. To whole sections of the community the mere word evangelical is a synonym for whatever is narrow, strained, superficial, and unreal. Assumed to be heir to all that is hectic in religion and sensational in the methods of propagating it, men who, like Mr. Moody, earn this name are unconsciously credited with the worst traditions of their class. It will surprise many to know that Mr. Moody is as different from the supposed type of his class as light is from dark ; that while he would be the last to repudiate the name, indeed, while glorying more and more each day he lives in the work of the evangelist, he sees the weaknesses, the narrownesses, and the limitations of that order with as clear an eye as the most unsparing

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of its critics. But especially will it surprise many to know that while preaching to the masses has been the main outward work of Mr. Moody's life, he has, perhaps, more, and more varied, irons in the fire—educational, philanthropic, religious—than almost any living man ; and that vast as has been his public service as a preacher to the masses, it is probably true that his personal influence and private character have done as much as his preaching to affect his day and generation.

Discussion has abounded lately as to the standards by which a country shall judge its great men. And the verdict has been given unanimously on behalf of moral influence. Whether estimated by the moral qualities which go to the making up of his personal

character, or the extent to which he has impressed these upon whole communities of men on both sides of the Atlantic, there is, perhaps, no more truly great man living than D. L. Moody. By moral influences in this connection I do not mean in any restricted sense religious influence. I mean the influence which, with whatever doctrinal accompaniments, or under whatever ecclesiastical flag, leads men to better lives and higher ideals ; the influence which makes for noble character, personal enthusiasm, social well-being, and national righteousness. I have never heard Mr. Moody defend any particular church ; I have never heard him quoted as a theologian. But I have met multitudes, and personally know, in large numbers, men and women of all

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churches and creeds, of many countries and ranks, from the poorest to the richest, and from the most ignorant to the most wise, upon whom he has placed an ineffaceable moral mark. There is no large town in Great Britain or Ireland, and I perceive there are few in America, where this man has not gone, where he has not lived for days, weeks, or months, and where he has not left behind him personal inspirations which live to this day ; inspirations which, from the moment of their birth, have not ceased to evidence themselves in practical ways—in furthering domestic happiness and peace; in charities and philanthropies; in social, religious, and even municipal and national service.

It is no part of the present object to give a detailed account of Mr. Moody's

D W I G H T L . M O O D Y

career, still less of his private life. The sacred character of much of his work also forbids allusion in this brief sketch to much that those more deeply interested in him, and in the message which he proclaims, would like to have expressed or analyzed. All that is designed is to give the outside reader some few particulars to introduce him to, and interest him in, the man.





A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD



FIFTY-SEVEN years ago (February 5, 1837) Dwight Lyman Moody was born in the same New England valley where, as already said, he lives to-day. Four years later his father died, leaving a widow, nine children—the eldest but thirteen years of age—a little home on the mountain side, and an acre or two of mortgaged land. How this widow shouldered her burden of poverty, debt and care; how she brought up her helpless flock,

keeping all together in the old home, educating them, and sending them out into life stamped with her own indomitable courage and lofty principle, is one of those unrecorded histories whose page, when time unfolds it, will be found to contain the secret of nearly all that is greatest in the world's past. It is delightful to think that this mother has survived to see her labors crowned, and still lives, a venerable and beautiful figure, near the scene of her early battles. There, in a sunny room of the little farm, she sits with faculties unimpaired, cherished by an entire community, and surrounded with all the love and gratitude which her children and her children's children can heap upon her. One has only to look at the strong, wise face, or listen to the firm yet

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD

gentle tones, to behold the source of those qualities of sagacity, energy, self-unconsciousness, and faith which have made the greatest of her sons what he is.

Until his seventeenth year Mr. Moody's boyhood was spent at home. What a merry, adventurous, rough-and-tumble boyhood it must have been, how much fuller of escapade than of education, those who know Mr. Moody's irrepressible temperament and buoyant humor will not require the traditions of his Northfield schoolmates to recall. The village school was the only seminary he ever attended, and his course was constantly interrupted by the duties of the home and of the farm. He learned little about books, but much about horses, crops and men ; his mind ran

wild, and his memory stored up nothing but the alphabet of knowledge. But in these early country days his bodily form strengthened to iron, and he built up that constitution which in after life enabled him not only to do the work of ten, but to sustain without a break through four decades as arduous and exhausting work as was ever given to man to do. Innocent at this stage of "religion," he was known in the neighborhood simply as a raw lad, high-spirited, generous, daring, with a will of his own, and a certain audacious originality which, added to the fiery energy of his disposition, foreboded a probable future either in the ranks of the incorrigibles or, if fate were kind, perchance of the immortals.

Somewhere about his eighteenth

year the turning-point came. Vast as were the issues, the circumstances were in no way eventful. Leaving school, the boy had set out for Boston, where he had an uncle, to push his fortune. His uncle, with some trepidation, offered him a place in his store ; but, seeing the kind of nature he had to deal with, laid down certain conditions which the astute man thought might at least minimize explosions. One of these conditions was that the lad should attend church and Sunday-school. These influences—and it is interesting to note that they are simply the normal influences of a Christian society—did their work. On the surface what appears is this : that he attended church—to order, and listened with more or less attention ; that he went to Sun-

day-school, and, when he recovered his breath, asked awkward questions of his teacher; that, by and by, when he applied for membership in the congregation, he was summarily rejected, and told to wait six months until he learned a little more about it; and, lastly, that said period of probation having expired, he was duly received into communion. The decisive instrument during this period seems to have been his Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball, whose influence upon his charge was not merely professional, but personal and direct. In private friendship he urged young Moody to the supreme decision, and Mr. Moody never ceased to express his gratitude to the layman who met him at the parting of the ways, and led his thoughts and en-

ergies in the direction in which they have done such service to the world.

The immediate fruit of this change was not specially apparent. The ambitions of the lad chiefly lay in the line of mercantile success ; and his next move was to find a larger and freer field for the abilities for business which he began to discover in himself. This he found in the then new world of Chicago. Arriving there, with due introductions, he was soon engaged as salesman in a large and busy store, with possibilities of work and promotion which suited his taste. That he distinguished himself almost at once goes without saying. In a year or two he was earning a salary considerable for one of his years, and his business capacity became speedily so proved that his future prosperity

was assured. "He would never sit down in the store," writes one of his fellows, "to chat or read the paper, as the other clerks did when there were no customers ; but as soon as he had served one buyer he was on the lookout for another. If none appeared he would start off to the hotels or depots, or walk the streets in search of one. He would sometimes stand on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, looking eagerly up and down for a man who had the appearance of a merchant from the country, and some of his fellow-clerks were accustomed laughingly to say : 'There is the spider again, watching for a fly.'"

The taunt is sometimes leveled at religion that mainly those become religious teachers who are not fit for

anything else. The charge is not worth answering; but it is worth recording that in the case of Mr. Moody the very reverse is the case. If Mr. Moody had remained in business, there is almost no question that he would have been to-day one of the wealthiest men in the United States. His enterprise, his organizing power, his knowledge and management of men are admitted by friend and foe to be of the highest order; while such is his generalship—as proved, for example, in the great religious campaign in Great Britain in 1873-75—that, had he chosen a military career, he would have risen to the first rank among leaders. One of the merchant princes of Britain, the well-known director of one of the largest steamship companies in the world,

assured the writer lately that in the course of a life-long commercial experience he had never met a man with more business capacity and sheer executive ability than D. L. Moody. Let any one visit Northfield, with its noble piles of institutions, or study the history of the work conceived, directed, financed, and carried out on such a colossal scale by Mr. Moody during the time of the World's Fair at Chicago, and he will discover for himself the size, the mere intellectual quality, creative power, and organizing skill of the brain behind them.

Undiverted, however, from a deeper purpose even by the glamor of a successful business life, Mr. Moody's moral and religious instincts led him almost from the day of his arrival in

Chicago to devote what spare time he had to the work of the Church. He began by hiring four pews in the church to which he had attached himself, and these he attempted to fill every Sunday with young men like himself. This work for a temperament like his soon proved too slow, and he sought fuller outlets for his enthusiasm. Applying for the post of teacher in an obscure Sunday-school, he was told by the superintendent that it was scholars he wanted, not teachers, but that he would let him try his hand if he could find the scholars. Next Sunday the new candidate appeared with a procession of eighteen urchins, ragged, rowdy and barefooted, on whom he straightway proceeded to operate. Hunting up children and general recruiting for mission

halls remained favorite pursuits for years to come, and his success was signal. In all this class of work he was a natural adept, and his early experiences as a scout were full of adventure. This was probably the most picturesque period of Mr. Moody's life, and not the least useful. Now we find him tract-distributing in the slums ; again, visiting among the docks ; and, finally, he started a mission of his own in one of the lowest haunts of the city. There he saw life in all its phases ; he learned what practical religion was ; he tried in succession every known method of Christian work ; and when any of the conventional methods failed, invented new ones. Opposition, discouragement, failure he met at every turn and in every form ; but one thing he never

learned—how to give up man or scheme he had once set his heart on. For years this guerilla work, hand to hand, and heart to heart, went on. He ran through the whole gamut of mission experience, tackling the most difficult districts and the most adverse circumstances, doing all the odd jobs and menial work himself, never attempting much in the way of public speaking, but employing others whom he thought more fit ; making friends especially with children, and through them with their dissolute fathers and starving mothers.

Great as was his success, the main reward achieved was to the worker himself. Here he was broken in, moulded, toned down, disciplined, in a dozen needed directions, and in this long and severe apprenticeship he un-

consciously qualified himself to become the teacher of the Church in all methods of reaching the masses and winning men. He found out where his strength lay, and where his weakness ; he learned that saving men was no child's play, but meant practically giving a life for a life ; that regeneration was no milk-and-water experience ; that, as Mrs. Browning says :

“ It takes a high-soul'd man
To move the masses—even to a cleaner
sty.”

But for this personal discipline it is doubtful if Mr. Moody would ever have been heard of outside the purlieus of Chicago. The clergy, bewildered by his eccentric genius, and suspicious of his unconventional ways, looked askance at him ; and it was only as time mellowed his headstrong

youth into a soberer, yet not less zealous, manhood that the solitary worker found influential friends to countenance and guide him. He became at last a recognized factor in the religious life of Chicago. The mission which he had slowly built up was elevated to the rank of a church, with Mr. Moody, who had long since given up business in order to devote his entire time to what lay nearer his heart, as its pastor.





HIS EARLY CHURCH WORK



As a public speaker up to this time Mr. Moody was the reverse of celebrated. When he first attempted speaking, in Boston, he was promptly told to hold his tongue, and further efforts in Chicago were not less discouraging. "He had never heard," writes Mr. Daniells, in his well-known biography, "of Talleyrand's famous doctrine, that speech is useful for concealing one's thoughts. Like Antony, he only spoke 'right on.' There was

frequently a pungency in his exhortation which his brethren did not altogether relish. Sometimes in his prayers he would express opinions to the Lord concerning them which were by no means flattering ; and it was not long before he received the same fatherly advice which had been given him at Boston—to the effect that he should keep his four pews full of young men, and leave the speaking and praying to those who could do it better.” Undaunted by such pleasantries, Mr. Moody did, on occasion, continue to use his tongue—no doubt much ashamed of himself. He spoke not because he thought he could speak, but because he could not be silent. The ragged children whom he gathered round him in the empty saloon near the North Side Market,

had to be talked to somehow, and among such audiences, with neither premeditation nor preparation, he laid the foundations of that amazingly direct anecdotal style and explosive delivery which became such a splendid instrument of his future service. Training for the public platform this man who has done more platform work than any man of his generation had none. He knew only two books, the Bible and Human Nature. Out of these he spoke; and because both are books of life, his words were afire with life; and the people to whom he spoke, being real people, listened and understood. When Mr. Moody first began to be in demand on public platforms, it was not because he could speak. It was his experience that was wanted, not his eloquence. As

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a practical man in work among the masses, his advice and enthusiasm were called for at Sunday-school and other conventions, and he soon became known in this connection throughout the surrounding States. It was at one of these conventions that he had the good fortune to meet Mr. Ira D. Sankey, whose name must ever be associated with his, and who henceforth shared his labors at home and abroad, and contributed, in ways the value of which it is impossible to exaggerate, to the success of his after work.

Were one asked what, on the human side, were the effective ingredients in Mr. Moody's sermons, one would find the answer difficult. Probably the foremost is the tremendous conviction with which they are ut-

tered. Next to that is their point and direction. Every blow is straight from the shoulder, and every stroke tells. Whatever canon they violate, whatever fault the critics may find with their art, their rhetoric, or even with their theology, as appeals to the people they do their work, and with extraordinary power. If eloquence is measured by its effects upon an audience; and not by its balanced sentences and cumulative periods, then here is eloquence of the highest order. In sheer persuasiveness Mr. Moody has few equals, and rugged as his preaching may seem to some, there is in it a pathos of a quality which few orators have ever reached, an appealing tenderness which not only wholly redeems it, but raises it, not unseldom almost to sublimity. No report can

do the faintest justice to this or to the other most characteristic qualities of his public speech, but here is a specimen taken almost at random: "I can imagine when Christ said to the little band around Him, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel,' Peter said, 'Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the gospel to those men that murdered you?' 'Yes,' said Christ, 'go, hunt up that man that spat in my face, tell him he may have a seat in my kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on my brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into my kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the

cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth, if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift.' " *Tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that*—prepared or impromptu, what dramatist could surpass the touch?

His method of sermon-making is original. In reality his sermons are never made, they are always still in the making. Suppose the subject is Paul : he takes a monstrous envelope capable of holding some hundreds of slips of paper, labels it " Paul," and

slowly stocks it with original notes, cuttings from papers, extracts from books, illustrations, scraps of all kinds, nearly or remotely referring to the subject. After accumulating these, it may be for years, he wades through the mass, selects a number of the most striking points, arranges them, and, finally, makes a few jottings in a large hand, and these he carries with him to the platform. The process of looking through the whole envelope is repeated each time the sermon is preached. Partly on this account, and partly because in delivery he forgets some points, or disproportionately amplifies others, no two sermons are ever exactly the same. By this method also—a matter of much more importance—the delivery is always fresh to himself. Thus, to

make this clearer, suppose that after a thorough sifting, one hundred eligible points remain in the envelope. Every time the sermon is preached, these hundred are overhauled. But no single sermon, by a mere limitation of time, can contain, say, more than seventy. Hence, though the general scheme is the same, there is always novelty both in the subject matter and in the arrangement, for the particular seventy varies with each time of delivery. No greater mistake could be made than to imagine that Mr. Moody does not study for his sermons. On the contrary, he is always studying. When in the evangelistic field, the batch of envelopes, bursting with fatness, appears the moment breakfast is over; and the stranger who enters at almost any

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time of the day, except at the hours of platform work, will find him with his litter of notes, either stuffing himself or his portfolios with the new "points" he has picked up through the day. His search for these "points," and especially for light upon texts, Bible ideas, or characters, is ceaseless, and he has an eye like an eagle for anything really good. Possessing a considerable library, he browses over it when at home; but his books are chiefly men, and no student ever read the ever-open page more diligently, more intelligently, or to more immediate practical purpose.

To Mr. Moody himself it has always been a standing marvel that people should come to hear him. He honestly believes that ten thousand ser-

mons are made every week, in obscure towns, and by unknown men, vastly better than anything he can do. All he knows about his own productions is that somehow they achieve the result intended. No man is more willing to stand aside and let others speak. His search for men to whom the people will listen, for men who, whatever the meagreness of their message, can yet hold an audience, has been life-long, and whenever and wherever he finds such men he instantly seeks to employ them. The word jealousy he has never heard. At one of his own conventions at Northfield he has been known to keep silent—but for the exercise of the duties of chairman—during almost the whole ten-days' sederunt, while mediocre men—I speak com-

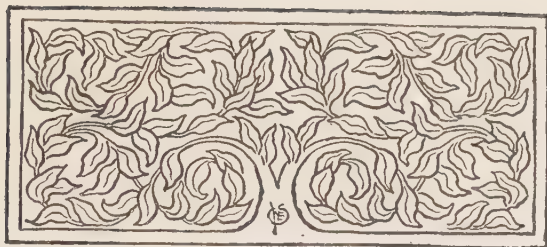
paratively, not disrespectfully—were pushed to the front.

It is at such conferences, by the way, no matter in what part of the world they are held, that one discovers Mr. Moody's size. He gathers round him the best men he can find, and very good men most of them are ; but when one comes away, it is always Mr. Moody that one remembers. It is he who leaves the impress upon us ; his word and spirit live ; the rest of us are forgotten and forget one another. It is the same story when on the evangelistic round. In every city the prominent workers in that field for leagues around are all in evidence. They crowd round the central figure like bees ; you can review the whole army at once. And it is no disparagement to the others

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to say—what each probably feels for himself—that so high is the stature and commanding personality of Mr. Moody that there seems to be but one real man among them, one character untarnished by intolerance or pettiness, pretentiousness, or self-seeking. He makes mistakes like others ; but in largeness of heart, in breadth of view, in single-eyedness and humility, in teachableness and self-obliteration, in sheer goodness and love, none can stand beside him.





HIS WORLD MINISTRY



A**F**TER the early Chicago days, the most remarkable episode in Mr. Moody's career was his preaching tour in Great Britain. The burning down of his church in Chicago severed the tie which bound him to the city, and though he still retained a connection with it, his ministry henceforth belonged to the world. Leaving his mark on Chicago, in many directions—on missions, churches, and, not least, on the

Young Men's Christian Association—and already famous in the West for his success in evangelical work, he arrived in England, with his colleague Mr. Sankey, in June, 1873. The opening of their work there was not auspicious. Two of the friends who had invited them had died, and the strangers had an up-hill fight. No one had heard of them; the clergy received them coldly; Mr. Moody's so-called Americanisms prejudiced the super-refined against him; the organ and the solos of Mr. Sankey were an innovation sufficient to ruin almost any cause. For some time the prospect was bleak enough. In the town of Newcastle finally some faint show of public interest was awakened. One or two earnest ministers in Edinburgh went to see for themselves.

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On returning they reported cautiously, but on the whole favorably, to their brethren. The immediate result was an invitation to visit the capital of Scotland; and the final result was the starting of a religious movement, quiet, deep, and lasting, which moved the country from shore to shore, spread to England, Wales, and Ireland, and reached a climax two years later in London itself.

This is not the place, as already said, to enter either into criticism or into details of such a work. Like all popular movements it had its mistakes, its exaggerations, even its great dangers; but these were probably never less in any equally wide-spread movement of history, nor was the balance of good upon the whole ever greater, more solid, or more enduring. People

who understand by a religious movement only a promiscuous carnival of hysterical natures, beginning in excitement and ending in moral exhaustion and fanaticism, will probably be assured in vain that whatever were the lasting characteristics of this movement, these were not. That such elements were wholly absent may not be asserted ; human nature is human nature ; but always the first to fight them, on the rare occasions when they appeared, was Mr. Moody himself. He, above all popular preachers, worked for solid results. Even the mere harvesting—his own special department—was a secondary thing to him compared with the garnering of the fruits by the Church and their subsequent growth and further fruitfulness. It was the

writer's privilege as a humble camp-follower to follow the fortunes of this campaign personally from town to town, and from city to city, throughout the three kingdoms, for over a year. And time has only deepened the impression not only of the magnitude of the results immediately secured, but equally of the permanence of the after effects upon every field of social, philanthropic, and religious activity. It is not too much to say that Scotland—one can speak with less knowledge of England and Ireland—would not have been the same to-day but for the visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey; and that so far-reaching was, and is, the influence of their work, that any one who knows the inner religious history of the country must regard this time as

nothing short of a national epoch. If this is a specimen of what has been effected even in less degree elsewhere, it represents a fact of commanding importance. Those who can speak with authority of the long series of campaigns which succeeded this in America, testify in many cases with almost equal assurance of the results achieved both throughout the United States and Canada.

After his return from Great Britain, in 1875, Mr. Moody made his home at Northfield, his house in Chicago having been swept away by the fire. And from this point onward his activity assumed a new and extraordinary development. Continuing his evangelistic work in America, and even on one occasion revisiting England, he spent his intervals of repose in plan-

ning and founding the great educational institutions of which Northfield is now the centre.

There is no stronger proof of Mr. Moody's breadth of mind than that he should have inaugurated this work. For an evangelist seriously to concern himself with such matters is unusual; but that the greatest evangelist of his day, not when his powers were failing, but in the prime of life and in the zenith of his success, should divert so great a measure of his strength into educational channels, is a phenomenal circumstance. The explanation is manifold. No man sees so much slipshod, unsatisfactory and half-done work as the evangelist; no man so learns the worth of solidity, the necessity for a firm basis for religion to work upon, the importance to the

Kingdom of God of men who “weigh.” The value, above all things, of character, of the sound mind and disciplined judgment, are borne in upon him every day he lives. Converts without these are weak-kneed and useless ; Christian workers inefficient, if not dangerous. Mr. Moody saw that the object of Christianity was to make good men and good women—good men and good women who would serve their God and their country not only with all their heart, but with all their mind and all their strength. Hence he would found institutions for turning out such characters. His pupils should be committed to nothing as regards a future profession. They might become ministers or missionaries, evangelists or teachers, farmers or politicians, bus-

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iness men or lawyers. All that he would secure would be that they should have a chance—a chance of becoming useful, educated, God-fearing men. A favorite aphorism with him is, that “it is better to set ten [men to work than to do the work of ten men.” His institutions were founded to equip other men to work, not in the precise line, but in the same broad interest as himself. He himself had had the scantiest equipment for his life-work, and he daily lamented—though perhaps no one else ever did—the deficiency. In his journeys he constantly met young men and young women of earnest spirit, with circumstances against them, who were in danger of being lost to themselves and to the community. These especially it was his desire to help, and

afford a chance in life. "The motive," says the "Official Handbook," "presented for the pursuit of an education is the power it confers for Christian life and usefulness, not the means it affords to social distinction, or the gratification of selfish ambition. It is designed to combine, with other instruction, an unusual amount of instruction in the Bible, and it is intended that all the training given shall exhibit a thoroughly Christian spirit.

. . . No constraint is placed on the religious views of any one. . . .

The chief emphasis of the instruction given is placed upon the life."

The plan, of course, developed by degrees, but once resolved upon, the beginning was made with characteristic decision; for the years other men spend in criticising a project, Mr.

Moody spends in executing it. One day in his own house, talking with Mr. H. N. F. Marshall about the advisability of immediately securing a piece of property—some sixteen acres close to his door—his friend expressed his assent. The words were scarcely uttered when the owner of the land was seen walking along the road. He was invited in, the price fixed, and, to the astonishment of the owner, the papers made out on the spot. Next winter a second lot was bought, the building of a seminary for female students commenced, and at the present moment the land in connection with this one institution amounts to over two hundred and seventy acres. The current expense of this one school per annum is over fifty-one thousand dollars, thirty thousand dollars of

which comes from the students themselves ; and the existing endowment, the most of which, however, is not yet available, reaches one hundred and four thousand dollars. Dotted over the noble campus thus secured, and clustered especially near Mr. Moody's home, stand ten spacious buildings and a number of smaller size, all connected with the Ladies' Seminary. The education, up to the standard aimed at, is of first-rate quality, and prepares students for entrance into Wellesley and other institutions of similar high rank.

Four miles distant from the Ladies' Seminary, on the rising ground on the opposite side of the river, are the no less imposing buildings of the Mount Hermon School for Young Men. Conceived earlier than the

former, but carried out later, this institution is similar in character, though many of the details are different. Its three or four hundred students are housed in ten fine buildings, with a score of smaller ones. Surrounding the whole is a great farm of two hundred and seventy acres, farmed by the pupils themselves. This economic addition to the educational training of the students is an inspiration of Mr. Moody's. Nearly every pupil is required to do from an hour and a half to two hours and a half of farm or industrial work each day, and much of the domestic work is similarly distributed. The lads work on the roads, in the fields, in the woods; in the refectory, laundry, and kitchen; they take charge of the horses, the cattle, the hogs, and the hens—for the ad-

vantage of all which the sceptical may be referred to Mr. Ruskin. Once or twice a year nearly everyone's work is changed; the indoor lads go out, the farm lads come in. Those who before entering the school had already learned trades, have the opportunity of pursuing them in leisure hours, and though the industrial department is strongly subordinated to the educational, many in this way help to pay the fee of one hundred dollars exacted annually from each pupil, which pays for tuition, board, rooms, etc.

The mention of this fee—which, it may be said in passing, only covers half the cost—suggests the question as to how the vast expenses of these and other institutions, such as the new Bible Institute in Chicago, and the Bible, sewing and cooking school

into which the Northfield Hotel is converted in winter, are defrayed. The buildings themselves and the land have been largely the gift of friends, but much of the cost of maintenance is paid out of Mr. Moody's own pocket. The fact that Mr. Moody has a pocket has been largely dwelt upon by his enemies, and the amount and source of its contents are subjects of curious speculation. I shall suppose the critic to be honest, and divulge to him a fact which the world has been slow to learn—the secret of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is briefly, that Mr. Moody is the owner of one of the most paying literary properties in existence. It is the hymn-book which, first used at his meetings in conjunction with Mr. Sankey, whose genius created it, is

now in universal use throughout the civilized world. Twenty years ago, he offered it for nothing to a dozen different publishers, but none of them would look at it. Failing to find a publisher, Mr. Moody, with almost the last few dollars he possessed, had it printed in London in 1873. The copyright stood in his name; any loss that might have been suffered was his; and to any gain, by all the laws of business, he was justly entitled. The success, slow at first, presently became gigantic. The two evangelists saw a fortune in their hymn-book. But they saw something which was more vital to them than a fortune—that the busybody and the evil tongue would accuse them, if they but touched one cent of it, of preaching the gospel for gain.

What did they do? They refused to touch it—literally even to touch it. The royalty was handed direct from the publishers to a committee of well-known business men in London, who distributed it to various charities. When the evangelists left London, a similar committee, with Mr. W. E. Dodge at its head, was formed in New York. For many years this committee faithfully disbursed the trust, and finally handed over its responsibility to a committee of no less weight and honor—the trustees of the Northfield seminaries, to be used henceforth in their behalf. Such is the history of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is pitiful to think that there are men and journals, both at home and abroad, who continue to accuse of self-seeking a man who has given up a princely fortune

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in noble—the man of the world would say superfluous—jealousy for the mission of his life. Once we heard far more of this. That Mr. Moody has lived it down is not the least of his triumphs.





HIS TRAINING SCHOOL



IN the year 1889 Mr. Moody broke out in a new place. Not content with having founded two great schools at Northfield, he turned his attention to Chicago, and inaugurated there one of his most successful enterprises—the Bible Institute. This scheme grew out of many years' thought. The general idea was to equip lay workers—men and women—for work among the poor, the out-cast, the churchless, and the illiterate.

In every centre of population there is a call for such help. The demand for city missionaries, Bible readers, evangelists, superintendents of Christian and philanthropic institutions, is unlimited. In the foreign field it is equally claimant. Mr. Moody saw that all over the country were those who, with a little special training, might become effective workers in these various spheres—some whose early opportunities had been neglected; some who were too old or too poor to go to college; and others who, half their time, had to earn their living. To meet such workers and such work the Institute was conceived.

The heart of Chicago, both morally and physically, offered a suitable site, and here, adjoining the Chicago Ave-

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nue Church, a preliminary purchase of land was made at a cost of fifty-five thousand dollars. On part of this land, for a similar sum, a three-storied building was put up to accommodate male students, while three houses, already standing on the property, were transformed into a ladies' department. No sooner were the doors opened than some ninety men and fifty women began work. So immediate was the response that all the available accommodation was used up, and important enlargements have had to be made since. The mornings at the Institute are largely given up to Bible study and music, the afternoons to private study and visitation, and the evenings to evangelistic work. In the second year of its existence no fewer than two hun-

dred and forty-eight students were on the roll-book. In addition to private study, these conducted over three thousand meetings, large and small, in the city and neighborhood, paid ten thousand visits to the homes of the poor, and "called in" at more than a thousand saloons.

As to the ultimate destination of the workers, the statistics for this same year record the following :

At work in India are three, one man and two women ; in China, three men and one woman, with four more (sexes equally divided) waiting appointment there ; in Africa two men and two women, with two men and one woman waiting appointment ; in Turkey, one man and five women ; in South America, one man and one woman ; in Bulgaria, Persia, Burma,

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and Japan, one woman to each. Among the North American Indians, three women and one man. In the home field, in America, are thirty-seven men and nine women employed in evangelistic work, thirty-one in pastoral work (including many ministers who had come for further study), and twenty-nine in other schools and colleges. Sunday-school missions employ five men ; home missions, two ; the Young Men's Christian Association, seven ; the Young Women's Christian Association, two. Five men and one woman are "singing evangelists." Several have positions in charitable institutions, others are evangelists, and twenty are teachers. It will be allowed that this is a pretty fair record for a two-years' old institute. As Mr. Moody gives it much of

his time, spending many months there annually in personal superintendence, there can be little doubt as to its future.

Not quite on the same lines, but with certain features in common, is still a fourth institution founded by the evangelist at Northfield about the same time. This is, perhaps, one of his most original developments—the Northfield Training School for Women. In his own work at Chicago, and in his evangelistic rounds among the churches, he had learned to appreciate the exceptional value of women in ministering to the poor. He saw, however, that women of the right stamp were not always to be found where they were needed most, and in many cases where they were to be found, their work was marred

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by inexperience and lack of training. He determined, therefore, to start a novel species of training school, which city churches and mission fields could draw upon, not for highly educated missionaries, but for Christian women who had undergone a measure of special instruction, especially in Bible knowledge and *domestic economy*—the latter being the special feature. The initial obstacle of a building in which to start his institute was no difficulty to Mr. Moody. Among the many great buildings of Northfield there was one which, every winter, was an eye-sore to him. It was the Northfield Hotel, and it was an eye-sore because it was empty. After the busy season in summer, it was shut up from October till the end of March, and Mr.

Moody resolved that he would turn its halls into lecture rooms, its bedrooms into dormitories, stock the first with teachers, and the second with scholars, and start the work of the Training School as soon as the last guest was off the premises.

In October, 1890, the first term opened. Six instructors were provided, and fifty-six students took up residence at once. Next year the numbers were almost doubled, and the hotel college to-day is in a fair way to become a large and important institution. In addition to systematic Bible study, which forms the backbone of the curriculum, the pupils are taught those branches of domestic economy which are most likely to be useful in their work among the homes of the poor. Much stress is laid upon

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cooking, especially the preparation of foods for the sick, and a distinct department is also devoted to dress-making. An objection was raised at the outset that the students, during their term of residence, were isolated from the active Christian work in which their lives were to be spent, and that hence the most important part of their training must be merely theoretical. But this difficulty has solved itself. Though not contemplated at the founding of the school, the living energy and enthusiasm of the students have sought their own outlets ; and now, all through the winter, flying columns may be found scouring the country-side in all directions, visiting the homesteads and holding services in hamlets, cottages and school-houses.

Like all Mr. Moody's institutions, the winter Training Home is undenominational and unsectarian. It is a peculiarity of Northfield that every door is open not only to the Church Universal, but to the world. Every State in the Union is represented among the students of his two great colleges, and almost every nation and race. On the college books are, or have been, Africans, Armenians, Turks, Syrians, Austrians, Hungarians, Canadians, Danes, Dutch, English, French, German, Indian, Irish, Japanese, Chinese, Norwegians, Russians, Scotch, Swedish, Alaskans and Bulgarians. These include every type of Christianity, members of every Christian denomination, and disciples of every Christian creed. Twenty-two denominations, at least, have shared

the hospitality of the schools. This, for a religious educational institution, is itself a liberal education ; and that Mr. Moody should not only have permitted, but encouraged, this cosmopolitan and unsectarian character, is a witness at once to his sagacity and to his breadth.

With everything in his special career, in his habitual environment, and in the traditions of his special work, to make him intolerant, Mr. Moody's sympathies have only broadened with time. Some years ago the Roman Catholics in Northfield determined to build a church. They went round the township collecting subscriptions, and by and by approached Mr. Moody's door. How did he receive them ? The narrower evangelical would have shut the door in their

faces, or opened it only to give them a lecture on the blasphemies of the Pope or the iniquities of the Scarlet Woman. Mr. Moody gave them one of the handsomest subscriptions on their list. Not content with that, when their little chapel was finished, he presented them with an organ. "Why," he exclaimed, when some one challenged the action, "if they are Roman Catholics, it is better they should be good Roman Catholics than bad. It is surely better to have a Catholic church than none; and as for the organ, if they are to have music in their church, it is better to have good music. Besides," he added, "these are my own townspeople. If ever I am to be of the least use to them, surely I must help them." What the kindly feeling did for them

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it is difficult to say ; but what it did for Mr. Moody is matter of local history. For, a short time after, it was rumored that he was going to build a church, and the site was pointed out by the villagers—a rocky knoll close by the present hotel. One day Mr. Moody found the summit of this knoll covered with great piles of stones. The Roman Catholics had taken their teams up the mountain and brought down, as a return present, enough building-stone to form the foundations of his church.

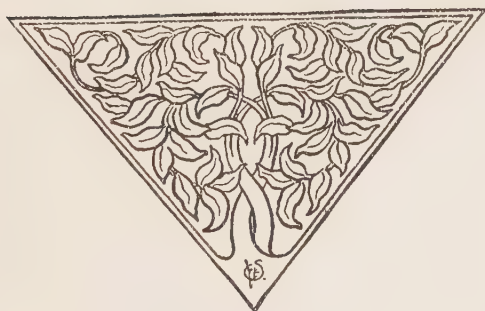
Mr. Moody's relations with the Northfield people and with all the people for miles and miles around are of the same type. So far from being without honor in his own country, it is there he is honored most. This fact—and nothing more truly decisive of

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character can be said—may be verified even by the stranger on the cars. The nearer he approaches Northfield, the more thorough and genuine will he find the appreciation of Mr. Moody; and when he passes under Mr. Moody's own roof, he will find it truest, surest and most affectionate of all. It is forbidden here to invade the privacy of Mr. Moody's home. Suffice it to say that no more perfect home-life exists in the world, and that one only begins to know the greatness, the tenderness and the simple beauty of this man's character when one sees him at his own fireside. One evidence of this greatness it is difficult to omit recording. If you were to ask Mr. Moody—which it would never occur to you to do—what, apart from the inspirations of his personal faith,

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was the secret of his success, of his happiness and usefulness in life, he would assuredly answer, "Mrs. Moody."





RESULTS OF HIS WORK



WHEN one has recorded the rise and progress of the four institutions which have been named, one but stands on the threshold of the history of the tangible memorials of Mr. Moody's career. To realize even partially the intangible results of his life is not within the compass of man's power ; but even the tangible results—the results which have definite visible outcome, which are capable of statistical expression, which can be seen in

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action in different parts of the world to-day—it would tax a diligent historian to tabulate. The sympathies and activities of men like D. L. Moody are supposed by many to be wasted on the empty air. It will surprise them to be told that he is probably responsible for more actual stone and lime than almost any man in the world. There is scarcely a great city in England where he has not left behind him some visible memorial. His progress through Great Britain and Ireland, now nearly twenty years ago, is marked to-day by halls, churches, institutes, and other buildings which owe their existence directly to his influence. In the capital of each of these countries—in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin—great buildings stand to-day which,

but for him, had had no existence. In the city where these words are written, at least three important institutions, each the centre of much work and of a multitude of workers, Christian philanthropy owes to him. Young Men's Christian Associations all over the land have been housed, and in many cases sumptuously housed, not only largely by his initiative, but by his personal actions in raising funds. Mr. Moody is the most magnificent beggar Great Britain has ever known. He will talk over a millionaire in less time than it takes other men to apologize for intruding upon his time. His gift for extracting money amounts to genius. The hard, the sordid, the miserly, positively melt before him. But his power to deal with refractory ones is not the

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best of it. His supreme success is with the already liberal, with those who give, or think they give, handsomely already. These he somehow convinces that their givings are nothing at all ; and there are multitudes of rich men in the world who would confess that Mr. Moody inaugurated for them, and for their churches and cities, the day of large subscriptions. The process by which he works is, of course, a secret, but one-half of it probably depends upon two things. In the first place, his appeals are wholly for others ; for places—I am speaking of England—in which he would never set foot again ; for causes in which he had no personal stake. In the second place, he always knew the right moment to strike.

On one occasion, to recall an illustration of the last, he had convened a great conference in Liverpool. The theme for discussion was a favorite one—"How to reach the masses." One of the speakers, the Rev. Charles Garrett, in a powerful speech, expressed his conviction that the chief want of the masses in Liverpool was the institution of cheap houses of refreshment to counteract the saloons. When he had finished, Mr. Moody called upon him to speak for ten minutes more. That ten minutes might almost be said to have been a crisis in the social history of Liverpool. Mr. Moody spent it in whispered conversation with gentlemen on the platform. No sooner was the speaker done than Mr. Moody sprang to his feet and announced that a company

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had been formed to carry out the objects Mr. Garrett had advocated ; that various gentlemen, whom he named (Mr. Alexander Balfour, Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., Mr. Lockhart, and others), had each taken one thousand shares of five dollars each, and that the subscription list would be open till the end of the meeting. The capital was gathered almost before the adjournment, and a company floated under the name of the “British Workman Company, Limited,” which has not only worked a small revolution in Liverpool, but—what was not contemplated or wished for, except as an index of healthy business—paid a handsome dividend to the shareholders. For twenty years this company has gone on increasing ; its ramifications are in every quarter of

the city ; it has returned ten per cent. throughout the whole period, except for one (strike) year, when it returned seven ; and, above all, it has been copied by cities and towns innumerable all over Great Britain. To Mr. Garrett, who unconsciously set the ball a-rolling, the personal consequences were as curious as they were unexpected. “ You must take charge of this thing,” said Mr. Moody to him, “ or at least you must keep your eye on it.” “ That cannot be,” was the reply. “ I am a Wesleyan ; my three years in Liverpool have expired ; I must pass to another circuit.” “ No,” said Mr. Moody, “ you must stay here.” Mr. Garrett assured him it was quite impossible, the Methodist Conference made no exceptions. But Mr. Moody would not be beaten. He

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got up a petition to the Conference. It was granted—an almost unheard-of thing—and Mr. Garrett remains in his Liverpool church to this day. This last incident proves at least one thing—that Mr. Moody's audacity is at least equalled by his influence.

That I have not told one tithe that is due to the subject of this sketch, I painfully realize now that my space has narrowed to its close. It is of small significance that one should make out this or the other man to be numbered among the world's great. But it is of importance to national ideals that standards of worthiness should be truly drawn, and, when those who answer to them in real life appear, that they should be held up for the world's instruction. Mr. Moody himself has never asked for

justice, and never for homage. The criticism which sours, and the adulation—an adulation at epochs in his life amounting to worship—which spoils, have left him alike untouched. The way he turned aside from applause in England struck multitudes with wonder. To be courted was to him not merely a thing to be discouraged on general principles ; it simply made him miserable. At the close of a great meeting, when crowds, not of the base, but of the worthy, thronged the platform to press his hand, somehow he had always disappeared. When they followed him to his hotel, its doors were barred. When they wrote him, as they did in thousands, they got no response. This man would not be praised. Yet, partly for this very reason, those who love

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him love to praise him. And I may as well confess what has induced me, against keen personal dislike to all that is personal, to write these reminiscences. One day, travelling in America last summer, a high dignitary of the Church in my presence made a contemptuous reference to Mr. Moody. A score of times in my life I have sailed in on such occasions, and at least taught the detractor some facts. On this occasion, with due humility, I asked the speaker if he had ever met him. He had not ; and the reply elicited that the name which he had used so lightly was to him no more than an echo. I determined that, time being then denied, I would take the first opportunity of bringing that echo nearer him. It is for him these words were written.

In the *Life of Whittier*, just published, the patronizing reference to Mr. Moody but too plainly confirms the statement with which I opened—that few men were less known to their contemporaries. “Moody and Sankey,” writes the poet, “are busy in Boston. The papers give the discourses of Mr. Moody, which seem rather commonplace and poor, but the man is in earnest. . . . I hope he will do good, and believe that he will reach and move some who could not be touched by James Freeman Clarke or Phillips Brooks. I cannot accept his theology, or part of it at least, and his methods are not to my taste. But if he can make the drunkard, the gambler and the debauchee into decent men, and make the lot of their weariful wives and

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children less bitter, I bid him God-speed."

I have called these words patronizing, but the expression should be withdrawn. Whittier was incapable of that. They are broad, large-hearted, even kind. But they are not the right words. They are the stereotyped charities which sweet natures apply to anything not absolutely harmful, and contain no more impression of the tremendous intellectual and moral force of *the man behind* than if the reference were to the obscurest Salvation Army zealot. I shall not indorse, for it could only give offence, the remark of a certain author of world-wide repute when he read the words: "Moody! Why, he could have put half a dozen Whittiers in his pocket, and they would never have

been noticed"; but I shall indorse, and with hearty good-will, a judgment which he further added. "I have always held," he said—and he is a man who has met every great contemporary thinker from Carlyle downward—"that in sheer brain-size, in the mere raw material of intellect, Moody stands among the first three or four great men I have ever known." I believe Great Britain is credited with having "discovered" Mr. Moody. It may or may not be; but if it be, it was men of the quality and the experience of my friend who made the discovery; and that so many distinguished men in America have failed to appreciate him is a circumstance which has only one explanation—that they have never had the opportunity.

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An American estimate, nevertheless, meets my eye as I lay down the pen, which I gladly plead space for, as it proves that in Mr. Moody's own country there are not wanting those who discern how much he stands for. They are the notes, slightly condensed, of one whose opportunities for judging of his life and work have been exceptionally wide. In his opinion :

1. "No other living man has done so much directly in the way of uniting man to God, and in restoring men to their true centre.

2. "No other living man has done so much to unite man with man, to break down personal grudges and ecclesiastical barriers, bringing into united worship and harmonious co-operation men of diverse views and dispositions.

3. "No other living man has set so many other people to work, and developed, by awakening the sense of responsibility, latent talents and powers which would otherwise have lain dormant.

4. "No other living man, by precept and example, has so vindicated the rights, privileges and duties of laymen.

5. "No other living man has raised more money for other people's enterprises.

6. "No other evangelist has kept himself so aloof from fads, religious or otherwise ; from isms, from special reforms, from running specific doctrines, or attacking specific sins ; has so concentrated his life upon the one supreme endeavor."

If one-fourth of this be true, it is a

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unique and noble record ; if all be true, which of us is worthy even to characterize it ?





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